

Santa Sangre by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

My discipline go beyond the way the Army train people
Calmly spray people
Devil's horns up like Ronnie James Dio or Tony Iommi
Cut your fucking arms off, stole me a Rollie
I Mobb Deep like Tony Maroni
Cross between the Egyptian god of fire and Tom Araya
Ten times higher than a soprano in God's choir
A Heavy Metal King, like eating crack, my gun metal rings
Settle things like God's prayer and the Devil's wings
We feast at the Last Supper, you hear the last laugh from us
Scrape cash abundant, you hear the gats blast from us
Roll with meaner rhymes, pinning y'all
Conquer continents like Genghis Khan
My life is like a Misfits song
Or like Cypress Hill, Hits from the Bong
Or like Ice-T, 6 'N the Morn, police at my door
Shoot the beast in his horns
Squeezing the four, creep in the six, then breeze to L'Amour
The Lords of War, for four seasons or more, listen!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is goon music, something for Vinnie's gun to clap
Y'all ain't makin' no progress, y'all still are running laps
I think of y'all like Christ, y'all never coming back
Chainsaws and husky beards without the lumberjacks
Come on, pana, Vinnie got a clip full
I'mma let this four-fifth bark like it's a pitbull
(BRRAP! BRRAP! BRRAP!)

Money, I got a fistful
And I got an razor and it cut like if you skip school
I can be on that fight the power, Assata shit
I can be on that Gucci and on that Prada shit
I can be on that questioning if a God exists
I can be on that punch in your face and rob you shit

That's when motherfuckers starving and such

Dry snitching, all y'all motherfuckers crying too much

Yeah, give me a jar and the Dutch

I just caught a body and I'm proud of all this rhyming and such

Yeah!

[Outro]